

stantly, kills or drives off ALL INSECT
 sure preventive of the CABBAGE WORM.
J. R. DAY,
 136 Greenwich St., New York.

Deterioration of Strawberries.
"Elm," the horticultural correspondent of the *Husbandman*, in remarking upon the reasons why strawberries run out, says:
'My first experience in strawberry growing resulted in neither pleasure nor

very rapidly, one man tarring 100 or more trees in an hour. He soon perceived that he was catching a great many of the female moths, and that at times they became so numerous as to nearly bridge over the tar. But he was alert to meet them and would daub fresh tar over the trees every two or three days. Yet, with all his activity and vigilance, some of the moths would cross the *Styx* and lay their eggs in the branches of the trees.

"Last year the worms had become so numerous as to threaten the entire defoliation of the orchards. He then resorted to poison, and administered doses of Paris green, mixed with water. After experimenting some time he concluded that about one tablespoonful of pure Paris green to a kerosene oil barrel of water (50 gallons) was about the proper strength; more would destroy the foliage, less would fail to poison all of the worms. It required a great many barrels of water to spray fifty acres of trees. The liquid was applied with force pump and hose, and a little practice would enable one to do it with great facility. Of course, some of the worms escaped last year, and their progeny appeared this spring, but the ever-vigilant pomologist was unrelenting, and now his trees are clothed with luxuriant foliage, and many of them are loaded with fruit. Those that were most ravaged by the worms, last year, failed to form fruit buds, and are, consequently, barren this year. The experience of Mr. Udell demonstrates that the worst insect enemies of fruits can be overcome if the horticulturist will avail himself of the means which science discovers. It makes fruit-growing more expensive, but it also makes it more remunerative to those who are thorough in combining intelligence and muscle. Those who will not inform themselves, or are too indolent to properly use their information, will fail to grow fruit, thus reducing supply, and enhancing the value of the fruit grown by the more vigilant and active. Could all the enemies of the fruit grower be annihilated the production of the fruit would be so easy that the markets would be glutted and fruit-growing would become a losing business."

"This is money in that cause of faintness and indolence, but in this country not only the sweetness, but the great value of the flowers, is wasted on the desert air. In northern India the roses are regularly cultivated. They are planted in rows in fields, and require no particular care. When they begin to bloom they are picked before mid-day. The work is done by women and children, who seem to regard it more as a pleasure than a pursuit of labor. The rose leaves are distilled in twice their weight of water, which is drawn off into open vessels. These are allowed to stand over night, being covered up with cloths to keep out dirt and in-

Apiarian.

MRS. HARRISON, the well known apiarian writer, says in the *Prairie Farmer*: "Bees will often desert a hive the next day after swarming, if it is very hot and the sun shines directly upon it. We had a swarm lately that was hived and placed in the shade in the afternoon; the next morning the sun shone upon it and the bees came out and clustered, although they

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goods which will help all
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In spite of the late of the Greely Arctic expedition, in which less than one-fourth of the men survived the cold and privation, the expedition, the Canadian Meteorological Service has embarked in a similar expedition. They will explore Hudson's Straits and the Arctic.

There is great excitement in New York over the discovery of a bed of salt. The Silver Spring Salt Company began the drilling of a well some two miles ago at East Galesville, at a depth of 3,180 feet, the drill struck a bed of fine quality of salt, which proves to be a solid vein 100 feet thick.

The boiler of a steam thrasher at work on the farm of Joseph Hill, of Rushville, Ill., exploded on the 24th. Three men were killed, several others injured and the thrasher was destroyed. The explosion was caused by the generator of sulphuric acid in the boiler, as sulphuric acid was used.

"Mam" Mandelbaum, notorious as a receiver of stolen goods in New York, and suspected of being protected by the municipal police, has been arrested by one of Pinkerton's detectives, working under District Attorney Gordon's direction. She has been in the receiving business for thirty years, and has amassed a very large property.

The New York Tribune's Fresh Air Fund, organized to send tenement house children to the country for two weeks, has begun its summer work. Already 10 parties have left the city, and many more are on the way. Nearly 40,000 children enjoyed a fortnight's outing last year, while upwards of 5,000 spent a day at the Fresh Air Fund.

Henry Benedict, formerly of Potsdam, N. Y., who has just returned to the States from the Sandwich Islands, reports he was induced to go thither by plausible representations made by an alleged preacher, who offered work and wages and a free passage to the Islands. Instead of being landed at Honolulu, as he was told, he was taken to Hawaii, where for four years he was held in a condition of slavery on a stock coral owned by two Americans, who had grown rich on the island. He finally succeeded in getting away on payment of \$400. He says there are about 800 Americans on the island held in slavery as abject as any ever known in the Southern States. It is understood the State Department will investigate these charges.

Foreign.
Havana has the yellow fever.

Dr. C. H. Hawkins, a distinguished English surgeon, died last week.

Wapping, a shipping suburb of London, has suffered a \$2,000,000 fire.

The Madi has been defeated by the Douglais, with heavy loss.

The death rate is decreasing in the cholera epidemic of Tunis and Marseilles.

King John, of Abyssinia, has bound himself by treaty to abolish slavery in his dominions.

Russia and Spain have both formed frontier corps to guard against the introduction of slaves.

A mob attacked the Salvation Army in Rome, Switzerland, and completely wrecked their barracks.

Deleseppe says the International Commission has decided to build another Suez canal parallel with the present one.

Sadokow has confessed that the plot to kill the Czar and Czarine by blowing up their train was hatched at St. Petersburg.

The Giron collided with the Faxham off the coast of Spain, and both vessels sunk. Several lives lost not yet known.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

POT STRAWBERRIES
Now in season. Sweet and juicy. For sale at the following prices: 100 per bushel, \$1.00; 50 per bushel, \$1.00; 25 per bushel, \$1.00. Address: J. A. FIELD & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

GEIGER'S FRUIT EVAPORATOR
Double the capacity. Children can operate it. Simple in construction. Don't fail to get our Descriptive Circular and price list before buying. Address: J. A. FIELD & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Rodgers' Amber Wheat
Need for sale, free on board cars, at \$4 for two bushels, \$7.50 for four bushels, bags included. Larger quantities at \$1.50 per bushel, and 25 cents per bushel. Sample heads sent on application. Have grown this variety for two years, and have been awarded prizes at all county, state, and national fairs. It has yielded four to ten bushels per acre, and is an amber wheat grown here. Address: HENRY CHASELAIN, Three Oaks, Berrien Co., Mich.

TURKEY DOWNS
FARMERS AND POULTRY DEALERS.
We are open to buy ANY TURKEYS at the highest prices per pound. C. DUNCAN STIFFEN, 129-41 Park Row, New York City.

YOUNG MEN
Can save money by attending the

Business
College at Kalamazoo, Mich. Send for Journal. 129-41 Park Row, New York City.

BERKSHIRES FOR SALE.

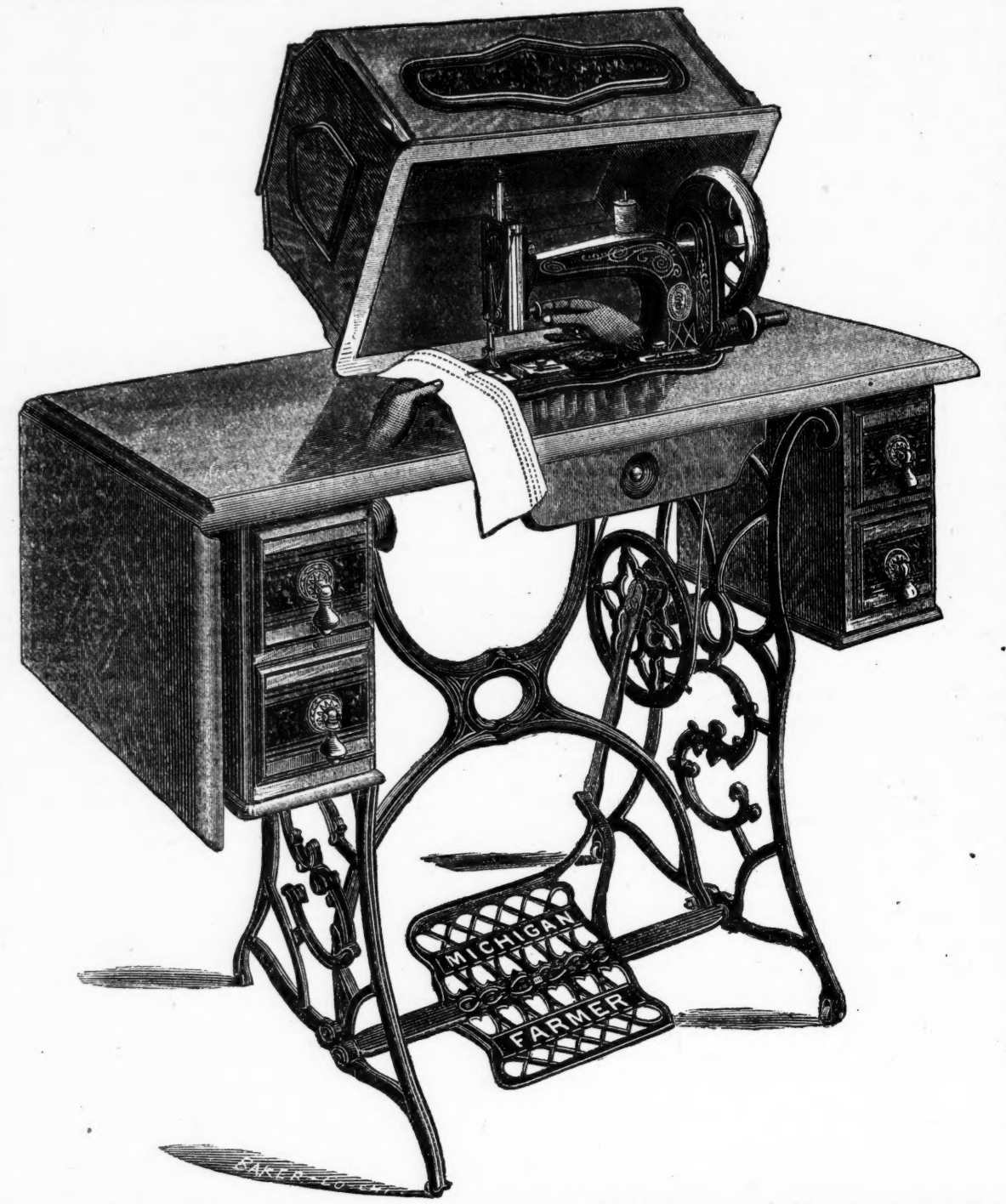
I now offer 40 head of very choice Registered Berkshires, three months old, \$10 each. These pigs are of the most fashionable pedigree, and are guaranteed to be pure. Address: IRA N. DELINE, Plymouth, Ind.

"ACME"
PULVERIZING HARROW,
Good Crusher and Leveler.
SEND FOR PAMPHLET.
NASH & BROTHER,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
HARRISBURG, PA.
NEW JERSEY.

FARM WANTED.
Partly wants to exchange a good milk business, and a land of 68 acres with a mile and a half of the city limits, also a nice home on Grand River Avenue, just beyond the Detroit city limits, with 100 acres of ground, nice orchard, etc., for a good farm in Michigan. Address: W. J. GAGE, 129-41 Park Row, New York City.

THRESHERS, ATTENTION.
For sale at a bargain, a good Threshing Engine and boiler. Address: HATHAWAY & ROGERS, Little Prairie Road, Mich.

FOR SALE.
Cute Friesian bull, Sire 997 D. F. H. B. C. Dutch March 27th, 1884. Imported in Jan. 1884. W. M. JEWELL, Bay City, Mich. 129-41



The above is a perfect illustration of the Sewing Machines advertised in connection with the FARMER. We send the paper a year and one of the machines for \$18.

ESSEX STOCK FARM
1884. STALLIONS. 1884

ROMULUS,
Imported Percheron, First Prize and Gold Medal at the Universal Exposition of Paris in 1875 and about thirty other First Prizes in 1878. Has never yet failed to take First Prize wherever exhibited. Dapple grey in color; 16 1/2 hands high, and weighs about 1,800 lbs. Stands at \$30 the season; payable at time of first service.

MARQUIS,
Imported Percheron, sire of Romulus. One of the most compact and stylish horses of this breed. A beautiful dark grey in color. Stands at \$30 the season.

CONQUEROR,
This young Clydesdale Stallion will stand at \$1 the season.

H. G.,
Hambroton trotting stallion, by Rysdyk, the sire of Clingstone and other fast ones; dam, Kate, the dam of Orient, 2:34, etc. Bay in color. Has proven himself a sure foal-giver, and his young stock are quite promising. Stands at \$30 the season.

ADONIS,
A beautiful and highly bred young bay stallion of great promise. Will serve a limited number of mares at \$30 the season.

DANDY.
This imported Ex-moor Pony is a beautiful bay in color; stands 13 1/2 hands in height and weighs about 900 lbs. Stands at \$30 the season.

CUTE,
Bay stallion, three years old, by Strathmore, son of Rysdyk's Hambrotonian and sire of Santa Clara 2:17 1/2; Steiway 2:24 1/2 at three years old. Chestnut hill 2:25 1/2, etc. Dam, Victoria by Peck's Idol, son of Mambrino Chief. Will be reserved this season for use on our own mares.

HIRAM WALKER & SONS,
Hiram Walker, Manager.
Walkerville, Ont., Canada.

ESSEX STOCK FARM
— PROPRIETOR OF —
Plainwell, Mich.

Pure-bred Registered Poland China Swine.
Registered Jersey Cattle.
(A. J. C. H. R.)
and Registered Merino Sheep.

Poland Chinas still a specialty. Herd established in 1860. Is the largest herd in the State. Is an emphatically a herd of prize winners. Stock all dark in color and faultless in style, consisting entirely of the most noted families of the day. Pigs of Fall of 1883 and Spring of 1884, bred by eight stock owners of the most famous pedigree, and are guaranteed to be pure. Address: IRA N. DELINE, Plymouth, Ind.

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FLOCK RECORDS
For keeping records of the increase of flocks of American Merino Sheep, published by the Michigan Merino Sheep Breeders' Association, may be obtained of the Secretary.
J. J. GAGE, Hanover, Mich. 129-41

MERINO RAMS FOR SALE.
I have a choice party of grade rams in fine condition for shipment west.
W. J. GAGE,
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PIG Extricator
To aid animals in giving birth. Send for circular.
W. M. DULIN, Atoka, Potawatamie Co., Iowa.

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POLAND CHINA SWINE,
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My herd is dark in color and bred from the most noted herds of Ohio and Michigan. Pigs sired by Arnold's Sambo, Black Tom, Hopful, Murphy's W. & D. and D. and D. Stock first class. Prices reasonable. Special rates by express.

Greenwood Stock Farm
A choice lot of Pure-bred Poland China Swine for sale at reasonable rates. Pigs in pairs and single. Dapple grey in color; 16 1/2 hands high, and weighs about 1,800 lbs. Stands at \$30 the season; payable at time of first service.

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Sired by Proud Duke of Fairview 2:30, and Lord Barrington Hillhurst 2:41, out of Young Mary, Phyllis, Lady Elizabeth, Peri Duchess and Rose of Sharon cows. Also fine cows and heifers. Reliable catalogues always on hand for distribution. Address: Lenawee Co., Mich. Addition is on the new Michigan & Ohio Railroad. Residence connected with State Telephone.

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Bulls, Heifers, Calves and Cows. Choice milk strains. All Herd Book registered. Will be sold very reasonable at private sale. Address: B. J. BIDWELL, Tecumseh, Mich.

HAMPSHIRE BUCKS.
We will sell a few choice Buck Lambs, if applied for early. They are from the best imported stock and in individual animals. Address: MCGREGOR & PHILLIPS, Alta Vista Breeding Farm, St. Clair, Mich. 129-41

SHORTHORNS FOR SALE.
Three young bulls fit for service, well bred and good individual animals. Also some choice heifers. Terms reasonable. Correspondence solicited. Address: L. K. BEACH, Howell, Mich.

CHESHIRE SWINE
A New Breed in Most of the States.
Send for Price List and Illustrated Circular.
129-41 W. G. SMITH & CO., Mansfield, Ohio.

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Iron grey stallion, seven years old, 15 1/2 hands high, weighs about 1,000 lbs; sired by Louis Napoleon. Is a green horse, but good action; has sired some first-class colts. Address: M. L. WRIGHT, Owosso, Mich.

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A RARE CHANCE.
On account of our business Messrs. TURNER & HUBSON, Proprietors of Springfield Herd of Berkshire, Suffolk and Poland China Swine, will sell all their valuable and choice selected herds of blooded swine, at a low price. If they will sell all together and lease their fine pigery and sufficient land with same located one mile from Capital, Lansing, Michigan.

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I will sell two or three choice imported heifers two years old, soon due to calve. Cattle at large. Address: L. H. BUTTERFIELD, Jr., Lapeer or Port Huron, Mich. 129-41

DIMON CREEPERS!
Eggs for setting of this beautiful and useful variety of fowls, guaranteed the only stock of the kind in the world—having been originated by the subscriber after years of patient study and care—are now offered for sale for the first time, at \$3 per dozen.
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WIARD PLOW COMPLY.
A Full Line of Hand and Sulky Plows, Automatic Corn and Bean Planters, with all the necessary repairs and extras, at

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CHARLES INMAN, Averill, Midland Co., Mich. 129-41

SCOTCH COLLIES.
Lords of the Highlands. I am breeding them from the best and purest imported stock, and have lately made several additions to my kennel of collies of superior individual excellence. I have also three of the finest breeding yards of Plymouth Rocks in the west. My Berkshires are hard registered. Send for circular. Address: J. A. ARMSTRONG, Owosso, Mich. 129-41

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KALAMAZOO, MICH.
On Mt. Holyoke plan; location delightful; board and tuition \$175 per school year; fine library, cabinet, telescope and musical instruments. Much attention given to the English language and review of elementary studies. Fall term begins September 4th, 1884. For catalogues address: MISS M. H. SPRAGUE, Principal.

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DIRECTORY

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CATTLE—Shorthorns.

A. CHANDLER, breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Shropshire sheep, and Essex swine. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Jerome.

A. D. GARGO, Highland, Oakland Co., Mich. 129-41

A. E. ANDREWS, Maple Valley Stock Farm, Williamston, Ingham Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns, and other fine stock. Also agent for the Celebrated Champion Creamer.

A. P. COOK, Brooklyn, Jackson Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Good families represented. Bull Major Craggs at head of herd. Choice young bulls for sale. 129-41

A. S. BROOKS, Witom, Mich., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Families represented: Oxford Gwynnes, Phyllis, Pomona, Bell Duchess, Bonnie Lass, etc. 129-41

BENJ. F. BATCHELOR, Oceola Center, Livingston Co., Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd consists of Young Mary and other well bred stock. Young bulls and heifers for sale. Terms reasonable. 129-41

CHARLES F. MOORE, breeder of pure bred Shorthorn cattle, St. Clair, Mich. Stock for sale. Correspondence promptly attended to.

CHARLES FISHER, Lakeside Stock Farm, Howell, Livingston Co., Mich. Breeder of Shorthorns. Herd headed by Bates bull, Belle Bates 2:41, Belle Duchess, Cambria's Victoria, Stapleton Lass, Selina and Bright Eyes families. Young stock for sale. 129-41

CHIBBARD & SON, Bennington, Shiawassee Co., Mich., breeders of Shorthorn cattle, Berkshire swine and Merino sheep. All stock recorded. Stock for sale.

C. H. BACKUS, Springdale Stock Farm, Williamston, Ingham Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns, and other fine stock. Also Merino Sheep and Percheron horses. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 129-41

C. S. BROOKS, Brighton, Mich., breeder of Registered Shorthorns of leading families—Fonfonas, Florio, etc. Also American Merino Sheep and Poland China Swine. Young stock for sale. 129-41

DAVID P. WILCOX, Forest Hill Stock Farm, Breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Improved farm of 300 acres, with good buildings for sale. Postoffice address, Riley, Clinton Co. 129-41

M. UHL, Brookside Herd, Ypsilanti, Mich. Breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Choice making qualities for sale. Correspondence solicited.

P. KELSEY, Clay Ridge Farm, Ionia, Mich., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Principal families Rose of Sharon, Phyllis, Gwynnes, etc. Correspondence solicited.

S. BURNETT, Bancroft, Shiawassee Co., Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle of the Irena, Victoria and Strawberry families. Stock for sale.

F. A. BRAIDEN, Bancroft, Shiawassee Co., Mich., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Good families represented with Lord Raspberry 2d at head of herd. Stock for sale. 129-41

FRANK E. IVES, Hickory Ridge Stock Farm, Umatilla, Livingston Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns and good families. Stock for sale. Correspondence invited.

GEORGE W. STUART, Grand Blanc, Genesee Co., Mich., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle, Registered Merino Sheep, and Jersey Red Swine. Correspondence solicited. 129-41

HENRY LESTER, Oakdale Stock Farm, Ionia, Mich., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Stock for sale. Correspondence promptly answered. P. O. address, Granton, Kent Co., Mich. 129-41

H. HINDS, Stanton, Montcalm Co., Mich., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and American Merino Sheep. 129-41

H. & H. HOYT, Thornapple Stock Farm, Cass Co., Mich., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns and pure Suffolk swine; young stock for sale. Correspondence invited.

M. WHITAKER, Hazelton Ridge Farm, Lima, Washtenaw Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and American Merino Sheep. Young stock for sale. 129-41

JAMES D. BOTSFOOT, Oceola Center, Livingston Co., Mich., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns, and other fine stock. Stock for sale. 129-41

Poetry.

MY LITTLE WIFE.

She isn't very pretty,
(So say her lady friends;)
She's neither wise nor witty
With verbal odds and ends.
No fleeting freaks of fashion
Across her fancy run;
She's never in a passion—
Except a tender one.
Her voice is low and cooling,
She listens more than speaks;
While others talk of doing,
The duty near she seeks.
It may be but to baffle
The sideboard's scanty plate,
Or but with bread to furnish
The beggar at the gate.
So I, who see what graces
She sheds on lowly life,
To fashion's fairest faces
Prefer my little wife.
And though at her with pity
The city dames may smile,
Who deem her hardly pretty
And sadly out of style;
To me she seems a creature
So musically sweet,
I would not change one feature,
One curve from crown to feet;
And if I could be never
Her lover and her mate,
I think I'd be forever
The beggar at the gate.

COBWERS.

A spider spun a gossamer web,
With threads of the finest tether,
And as light as the buoyant thistle-down
It swayed in the wind and weather.
And over the threads the breezes swept
As sweet as a fairy vesper,
And over the leaves and the grass below
Came a faint,olian whisper.
"Oh, I was woven of silken strands,
In a web and web together;
And I swing from a thistle's prickly top,
On the brown and wind-swept heather.
"I'm lured to sleep by the cricket's chirp,
I wake at the skylark's warning,
I am wooed by the twilight's loving eyes,
And the tender kiss of morning.
"I hear the chant of the bending trees,
From a distant thicket's cover;
And faint and far from the sky above,
The cry of the golden plover.
"To day goes by and to morrow comes
And it leaves me as it found me,
I am safe from all destroying hands,
With the arms of Nature round me.
"I care as little for time or tide
As the fickle wind that passes,
My world is here with the sun and dew,
Along with the leaves and grasses."

Miscellaneous.

BETWEEN TWO STOOLS.

CHAPTER I.

"I have something to tell you, Mary," Mary Ranley let her work fall into her lap, and looked up at the speaker. She was a tall, slim, dark-haired woman of seven or eight and twenty, with a plain, patient face, and wistful eyes. She wore a dress of a quiet gray tint, and the room in which she was seated was furnished with all the good taste that nowadays is consistent with strict economy. She had not a single claim, in feature or coloring, to any of the acknowledged forms of prettiness, and yet something about her would have compelled a second glance from those who had obtained a first.

"Well, Tom, what is it?" Her face softened as her glance fell on Tom Danvers, handsome, blue-eyed, fair haired Tom, whom people spoke of only to praise. They had been playfellows, these two, who were alike only in years. They were lovers now, and they would be husband and wife one day; at least that hope had beautified existence for both of them during seven years. Seven years! It is a big slice out of the best part of the allotted three-score and ten, though it was only lately that one of this faithful pair had begun to think so. "What is it you have to tell me?"

Tom crossed the room, and bent over her to stroke her hair. The movement was a caress, and then it enabled him to avoid her eyes.

"I have been offered an appointment at Rangoon." "At Rangoon." She echoed the words without any intonation of surprise. "That is—"

"In Burma. As if you did not know that and everything else, my little scholar; and Rangoon is a big place with openings for lots of fellows. Stephens has written, saying he needs a partner, and so I think, if you don't mind, that I shall go out there in a month or two."

needlework pressed each other a little, then the sweet voice spoke softly and firmly: "I have been thinking often lately, Tom, that you would be wiser to do without me. You see we have known each other so long that we have really grown to be more friends than lovers, and I am far older than you in reality, though not perhaps in years, and so I cannot help believing at times that our engagement has been a mistake."

"Oh, you do, do you?" wrathfully. "You see it has lasted seven years now, and in seven years, you know, your science teaches that we change completely, and so I think, Tom, dear, that it would be far better if you planned your future without letting any thought of me hamper you. I am safe enough, you know; the high school pays me a comfortable salary, and I have grown accustomed to the routine of life with Mrs. Gillet, and so, dear, I can offer quite honestly to set you free." She was smiling at him bravely, and her eyes were very clear and bright, but she had an idea that her heart was weeping.

"You are tired of me, I suppose? You imagine that I am likely to be a failure, and you women care only for success," he answered bitterly. "I suppose the working ones of us know that success comes some time to the steady and patient," she said, the first hard tone sounding in her voice.

"And have I not been either?" "Dear Tom, don't imagine that I wish to find fault or criticize; I love you far too well for that; there is no one in all the world as dear to me as you are. But do you not think yourself that our engagement has been too protracted to seem hopeful now? You don't feel it as I do; it seems to take all my strength away to see our life together always slipping further and further off."

"If I make things worse for you, of course that alters matters." His face had lost its smiling softness, his brow was stern and angry. "You are my youth and my happiness, the end of my dreams," she said passionately; "the want of you will leave my whole future barren."

"Then why need you give me up?" "Because I think you will be freer without me; because you are learning to dread me, and so the love is growing imperfect."

"It was for your sake I thought of Rangoon," he said sullenly. "Yes, dear, and it is for your sake, Heaven knows, that I propose to give you up. I am a drag on you, and what you feel for me is far more friendship than love."

"If you think so I have nothing more to say." He rose to go, stiffly, and then the tender heart in her failed. "Oh, Tom, if it were not best for you, do you think I would have spoken?" She wanted him to tell her that it was not best for him; she wanted him to prove to her that all her doubts were needless; but she had hurt him, and at her relenting he hardened himself.

"If it is best for you, that is enough," he said, and took his hat and left her without looking at her again. When the door had closed behind him Mary Ranley sat five minutes motionless. The airy bubble she had spent seven years blowing was shattered by her own touch. She scarcely realized what had happened yet, but there was a numb aching at her heart, far worse than any keen, comprehending pang. Her tears began to flow heartbrokenly, as she mechanically folded the piece of the poor little trousseau on which she had been working, the trousseau that never would be needed now. Tom was gone, and Tom was the lover of her whole life; but—and in this capacity she would miss him far more—he had always been her pet and pretege. What would her motherly nature do now, without any one to plan for or protect?

Women's sorrows seek consolation in the strangest ways. In the first hour of her loss Mary Ranley went up among the gathered treasures of seven hopeful years and touched with reverent fondness the accumulated trifles destined for the future home. There were the little bronzes meant for Tom's study, and purchased out of the economies of her holiday-time; there were pretty vases, and little brackets, and scraps of tasteful china—all the feminine trifles that would have given a home likeness to his bare lodgings. She remembered where she had gathered them up—sometimes in Tom's presence—and even the words he had said in jest over one thing and another. And now Tom was out of her life, and there never would be any home for them together. She felt as if the big oak chest were a coffin containing all her youth as she looked it, shutting the relics out her sight; and then she went down and drank her solitary tea, and tried to realize all the emptiness of the coming years.

Would he write to her, she wondered, or would she be left always without tidings? And when would he go? And would he be relieved that they had parted after the first edge of pain had worn off? Six days passed without even an indirect word from him, and the morning's work was acquiring a maddening monotony, and the evening's silence a despairing loneliness. Mary had few girl friends, and no confidantes, and so her heart-ache missed the common alleviation of talking it over. If he never came or wrote, if she never heard of him again, there was no one in all the world to help or comfort her. But he would not be cruel enough to treat her with silence forever; he would send her a message one day, and it would be one of peace and friendship. That faith grew in her day by day, battling with the growing despair; and then one day fact ranged itself on faith's side—a letter awaited her as she returned from the walk she had taken to escape from her thoughts.

She held it between her hands for a moment without looking at it, and all her fictitious strength gave way. She threw aside the cloak that had suddenly become a burden and sat down in her bonnet to read Tom's message.

But the letter was not from Tom; she saw that as she unfolded it. The writing was bigger, bolder, more legible. She read it all through before she reached the sig-

nature. When she had seen that she read the letter again. It was from John Hayward, the man she had always thought Mousie Graham's lover, and it contained an offer of marriage for herself.

"I have loved you always, Mary," he wrote, "and I have only refrained from telling you so because I had so little to offer till now. I did not dare ask you to share a worse home than you have been accustomed to, and so I held my peace. But at last I have attained to what I have honestly coveted so long; at last Arm. strong & Co. have made me head of my department, and so I dare, after a devotion nearly as protracted as Jacob's, to ask you for my own."

It was a plain manly statement, and it went to Mary Ranley's sore heart. There was no gush, no agony of passion, in it; nothing but the simple tale of a man who had known how to be very patient and faithful. Yet his love for her startled her inexpressibly. She had never dreamed of it. There had never been anything but the merest good comradeship in his attitude toward her—but of course his silence and self-restraint rendered his love all the more flattering, and John would make a good husband. Mary had an idea that the man who lived straightly and earnestly would love steadfastly, and she felt that the woman who became John Hayward's wife would have all the chances of happiness in her favor. For an instant she wished this offer had come years before. Now, although Tom was not half so fine a character as John Hayward, she loved him, and that made all the difference.

When she came to think of it, it was odd that John made no mention of Tom. Surely he had known she was engaged to him; surely they had always made that patent to every one? Mary Ranley sat thinking over her offer in all its bearings, till the fire waned and her tea was ice-cold. John Hayward's offer was unexpected, but it was very fair and manly. She almost started to find she was considering it, that opposing counsel seemed to be arguing the pros and cons, with herself for judge and jury. On one side were love and ease and pleasure; on the other side was a barren life, holding only the memory of a disappointment. She was not a heroine, and teaching for her bread during a whole lifetime seemed sad and lonely enough.

But, then, would not marriage with another than Tom seem almost sacrilege, after all they had planned together? Why, their whole future had been mapped out with each other, and union with John Hayward would be but a dreary deception.

Then she went on to think of her pupils, whom she did not and could not love. She had no theories about them. They met her as units without individuality. They obeyed her because they feared her; they would defy her if they dared. And, then, there were her fellow-teachers—Miss Griffiths, who was growing so old and odd; Miss Henderson, whom her class made a habit of tricking and deceiving, because she was short sighted and tolerant, as the ageing so often grow. Would she, Mary Ranley, ever find herself in the case of these—ever see herself lonely, uncared for, just endured for want of a better? Oh, no. A hundred times a marriage into which friendship and respect at least would enter.

Her letter was written hurriedly, at last, and when it was finished it was an acceptance. But she told John Hayward the truth. She had loved Tom Danvers honestly for years, but now that they had parted she did not think any memory of him would ever rise up between her and the husband she was prepared to accept and honor. She wrote this all quite calmly, but when it was finished she felt somehow as though she were twenty years older than she had been, and as if life had suddenly become quite humdrum and commonplace. Yet she had no thought of changing her mind. She rang the bell composedly for Bessie, the little maid-of-all-work, and gave her the letter with a hand that never faltered.

"This is your evening out, I think, Bessie. You may post this for me on your way through the village," she said, thinking herself even of the little servant's affairs in that crisis of her life.

"Yes, Miss, surely," Bessie answered, blushing, for she too had a lover, and these evenings out meant the joy of the whole week.

Somewhat Miss Ranley felt that she wanted the letter out of her reach, and vacillation out of her power.

CHAPTER II.

"I have come to make things right. I can't do without you, Mary; you are my sheet-anchor; I have felt adrift since I lost you."

So Tom Danvers spoke, hurrying after her as she came home from afternoon school.

There was a drizzling rain falling, and the landscape was blurred, and the heavy clouds hung low, and the woman knew that the face she turned to her lover was pinched and white.

"I thought you had gone, Tom, it is so long since I heard of you." "It is a week, and perhaps you did not ask about me. I never thought of going in any mad hurry like that. There is nothing decided yet."

"Is there not? I thought—I had an idea there was," she answered, falteringly.

"Oh, no, Stephens only wrote to offer me the appointment, and I went to consult you about it when you took me up so shortly." There was a tone of reproach in his voice, for he felt still that he had been badly used.

"I did not mean to hurt you," she protested, meekly.

"Well, perhaps some fellows don't mind being thrown over after seven years' waiting, and just as there is a prospect of something definite at last!" "The prospect seemed very vague to me," smiling faintly.

"Oh, because you would not listen. Stephens offers me either three hundred as a salary, or a share in the proceeds, whichever I like, and he says the climate is good and living not very high, and I had almost persuaded myself, Mary, that we might go out together—married. But still, if you prefer me to grub on here I shall do it, so you continue to love me."

other, and he saw now how pale she was. "I would go with you to Rangoon if I could; it all seems so easy now, when it is too late," she answered with a break in her voice.

"And why is it too late?" "Because I have promised to marry another man."

"You have? Well, certainly, you have not lost any time." "I have not."

She could have laughed with the dreariest, most dismal mirth. She was so contemptible in her own eyes: all she had done looked so strange and uncalculated. Why, that very morning her senses had returned, and she knew that a brave, strong-hearted, successful woman—for she was successful in her own way—has no right to throw herself on any man's charity just because he loves her, and because her life-story has been mistold. If she had only waited to post her letter next day herself it would never have reached its destination. Now John Hayward had her promise.

There was no escaping from the position in which she had placed herself: there was no possibility of showing herself even excusable; she certainly had hastened with all speed from the old love to the new.

"I had thought you so different from that," Tom said with bewildered incredulity. "I thought you would have been faithful to me even if we had parted—for a while, at least."

"But I was weaker and meaner, you see. I wanted some one to keep me in idleness and buy me fine dresses and treat me well, and when you could not do it, I closed with the offer of the man who could." She seemed to take a certain bitter pleasure in her self-accusation now.

"Oh, Mary, I can't believe it, it's not possible! You who were always so high and far removed from the temptations that beset ordinary women!" he burst forth groaning.

"You overrated me, I overrated myself. You see now I am not worth taking to Rangoon, not worth loving or thinking about."

"But is it really true? Are you not torturing me with a cruel jest?" "It is quite true; I have promised to be another man's wife, and I wrote him that; no thought of you would ever stand between us," she answered, arraigning herself.

"Then you are a heartless woman, and I shall never forgive you," he burst forth, pronouncing judgment on the spot, and then he rushed past her and out of her sight, while she continued her solitary way with laggard steps and a heart that lay in her bosom heavy as lead.

What can she do now? She has sown the wind, and the harvest of the whirlwind has been very swift and bitter. She has dallied with temptation, and her momentary unfaithfulness has cost her self-respect. But she will be true to herself at last; she will recall the promise that should never have been given. It will not matter as far as her happiness is concerned, but it will be the first step in the painful process of self-restoration.

When her recantation was written there was a load off her mind; but she was not in any fever of impatience to post this letter—it would keep till she was on her way to school. After the hurried emotions of the last twenty-four hours she was physically tired, and so she sat rocking herself backward and forward in her wicker chair with a faint sensation of relief in the motion.

Twilight was fading, and timid little stars were trembling in the sky beyond the uncurtained windows, when there came a soft tap at the door, and Mousie Graham's rosy, roguish face peeped in.

"Oh, you are not busy—thank goodness for that! I was half afraid I might find you deep in the Differential Calculus, and I did so want a good long chat."

"Come in, dear, I am so glad to see you; it is an age since you were here before." Mary took the soft little face between her hands and kissed the delicious pink cheeks.

"Grannie has been worse lately, weaker and more fretful, and so I felt I could not leave her without a special errand."

"But she is better to day?" "Oh yes, ever so much better, and then Aunt Lizzie came to pay her a little visit, so she's with Grannie with her, and ran over to see you."

"That was very good of you, dear." "Oh no, it was not; I came on business." Mousie laughed and flushed a little, then she drew a letter from her pocket.

"This came addressed to me yesterday, but it is evidently meant for you. It is from that booby, John Hayward; he is all ways in the clouds, or among the cogwheels of his looms, and so the result is a blunder." She unfolded the sheet as she spoke, and handed it to Mary, and this was what stood before the latter's astonished eyes:

DEAR MISS RANLEY.—In the pleasant excursion we had together last summer I remember your mentioning a book on ferns that you desired to have, but could not get, as you had forgotten the author's name. I have just come across a volume by Teakstone, the opening chapter of which is on the Osmunda regalis. If you think this is the work in question I shall be happy to forward it to you. Sincerely yours, JOHN HAYWARD.

Mary Ranley was sure some complex machinery in her head had got out of order, so loud and persistent was the whirling in her ears.

When she spoke at last her voice sounded faint and far away.

"Is your name Mary?" "Of course it is, or rather Mary Ann, but everyone calls me Mousie except John Hayward. He thought Mousie no name for a girl, and so he always called me Mary—Miss Mary; it did sound so funny."

"Then, Miss Mary, I have an offer of marriage for you; it came to me, and naturally enough, I took it to myself."

Mousie was so flurried that she did not notice her friend's perturbation.

"I fancied," she said, holding the letter in her hand, but not looking at it, "that he must have been writing to me and had mixed the covers. That is so like your very clever people! But how lucky the letter came to an engaged girl!" "Well, I don't see the luck of it, for I wrote yesterday and accepted him."

"Tom and I had quarreled, and John's letter came at my worst moment, so I accepted him."

Poor Mousie's eyes grew dim.

"In that case, Mary, I suppose you had better keep the letter," she said, faltering a little. "It was really sent to you, and, after all, I don't mind so very much."

"You are a generous little darling, but there is no necessity for your sacrifice even if Mr. Hayward would permit it. I wrote him my recantation this afternoon. There is the letter; you can send it to him with your own hand. He will be sure of its genuineness that way."

Then the two girls kissed and cried over each other, and after the exchange of divers confidences Mousie went away, carrying John's letter, still unread, in her hand.

After she had gone Mary took out her needlework, with an undefined feeling that chaos had come again, and that in the midst of it it was well to hold on to some commonplace, every-day employment.

By and by Bessie came in with the tea-tray, and as she flitted about the table Mary spoke with the feeling of desperation which makes us always want to lay a finger on our wound.

"You posted my letter last night, Bessie?"

Bessie paused, the picture of consternation. "Oh, Miss, I'm afraid I forgot all about it."

"You forgot to take it out, I suppose?" speaking in a voice so high and eager that it scarcely sounded like her own.

"Oh, no, Miss; I took it and put it in my water-pot pocket, but Peter met me before I reached the office and then I forgot, but I'll run out with it now in a minute."

"Bring it to me instead, please; I don't want it posted now."

Bessie never knew till this hour why Miss Ranley gave her five shillings instead of the scolding she expected, neither does John Hayward understand why letter number one never reached him.

Tom Danvers went to Rangoon, as he had said, in much disgust and despair. Mary's unfaithfulness had turned the sunlight into darkness for him, but through his pain a certain resolution to be and do something grew daily. He would forget her, he would never speak of her, and if men uttered her name he would turn aside, but he would do so well with his own life that one day she would know him the superior of the man she had married. So, in much wrath and scorn, he sallied away to succeed or fail as might be.

As for Mary, her life was all at the dead level of monotony now. There was always the morning's work, always the evening's enforced idleness, and periodically the long empty holidays in which her loneliness grew only more assertive. Like many another she was learning that—

It is not in the shipwreck and the strife we feel humbled, and wish to be no more, But in the after silence on the shore, When all is lost except a little life.

She was growing old, she would soon be 30, and already there were white threads in the glossy smoothness of her hair, and she knew she was growing older and more unsocial than Miss Griffiths or Miss Henderson had ever been. But she was a good teacher and was a success in the high school, and she clung to that poor triumph as her last source of happiness. It was she, the strong one, who would do a small work in a small groove all her life, and Tom who would grow to success and power. But she deserved that for her wrong estimate of both of them. And every one knew he was doing well and that he had forgotten her. Why, it was only the other day that Mr. Wheelhouse had stopped to tell her he had just been asking Tom by letter why he was neglecting Mary Ranley.

"It was very good of you," she had said, going home with another shaft rankling in her sore heart.

It was dusk as she went wearily down the street. The early October night was closing in, and broad bands of light from open doors fell across her path. The street was very still and empty, and she felt thankful for that and for the coming peace of her solitary parlor. But she stood for an instant on the doorstep to watch the trembling stars, before she rang the bell.

Bessie answered it with a beaming face. She was very fond of Miss Ranley, who had always been kind to her.

"There is a visitor for you in the parlor, miss."

"Oh, very well." Mary expected one of the pupils teachers who wanted a certificate; so she went upstairs and put her door things away, and brushed her hair, and then came down to be the school-mistress at home. But it was not Jane Blakeney who rose at her entrance, but a tall, brown-bearded man, who looked into her face, and then held out his hands to her without a word.

"Tom!" she said with a little flitting sigh. "Tom?"

"Yes, it is I. I came back as soon as ever I knew you were free."

"I have not deserved it."

"Perhaps not; but then, you see, I could not do without you. I need some one to scold and keep me right."

"Oh no, Tom, never again; old things and old habits are all ended."

"And you threw the other fellow over?" "No, not that exactly; it was all a mistake—all my pride and his stupidity; but I have been well punished for everything, I never thought you would come back."

"I did not mean to come back, till I found there was no getting on without you."

And then Mary burst into tears, and stood sobbing against his shoulder.

"Oh, Tom, I have missed you so!" she said.

"Well, I am here now to take care of you; won't that be reversing the old order of things?" smiling at her fondly.

And so it came about that Mary Ranley, despite her dangerous hesitation between two stools, found a comfortable seat on one of them, after all—all the Year Round.

Mr. J. W. Cook, President Chamberlain, Mass., Fire Ins. Co., recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Almost Out of the World.

Away off the coast of Maine, outside the cordon of rocky isles that stretch like a projecting chain between the Atlantic and Penobscot Bay, exposed to the ceaseless beat of the waves and to the fury of every storm, is the oldest, loneliest and most primitive spot on the American coast, the Isle au Haut. This name was given to it by one of the early French voyagers, who thought Lofty Island or Isle of Weight a most appropriate appellation for the sea-girt rock, whose perpendicular sides rise immediately from the water, with scarcely a break in the monotony for a bit of beach. The island proper, with eight or ten smaller companions, now composes a town, having been set off from Deer Isle in 1874. All the islands together have an area of 3000 acres, and about 200 people live on them. They all live by the sea, directly or indirectly, and their life is but a dull existence. Anthony Merchant first settled in one of the group, which now bears his name, in 1772, and since then the hamlet of fishers has grown by twos and threes, painfully, slowly. There is no postoffice, no minister, no lawyer and no doctor. If anybody is sick, or wants any red tape, or an expected letter, he must take a sailboat and go to Deer Island or to Rockland, the journey being nearly always rough and often impossible.

On the summit of the cliffs is a great level plot, half sheep pasture and half blueberry bog, and there is grown a best mutton and wool in Maine, and there, too, is the blueberry pickers' paradise, whole schooner loads of people often going in summer from the mainland to gather the berries. There was an attempt made years ago by a Georgia gentleman to make Isle au Haut a great summer resort, and he put all his own money and that of some other persons into the scheme. A splendid pavilion for concerts and dancing was built, and roads along the cliff constructed at great expense. Then, just as the plans were ready for a great hotel, the finance department of the association collapsed, and with it the whole scheme. That was years before the expressive term "crank" was on the boards. The natives used the roads for sheep paths and dried nets on the hard-pine floor of the pavilion.

The fishers are as simple as the old Acadians, of whom it is written: "Neither locks have they to their doors nor bars to their windows." Not many of them have ever seen the mainland, and scarcely any of them know what a city is like. Only a month ago the first horse ever landed on the island was brought there, and a good half of the simple folk gazed then for the first time upon a member of the equine species. No steamer ever lands there, and in all probability the only glimpses of good-sized steam craft the islanders ever get is when, on clear days, they see through a glass passing vessels of the International and Boston & Bangor lines.

A Martinet Fisherman.

Apropos of suicide being a crime, says a writer in *The San Francisco Argonaut*, I am reminded of an anecdote of Magruder, who was in some sort the Bill Nye of the army. Magruder looked at everything from the quizzical point of view. He was an Irishman—a brilliant man—but so possessed with the sense of humor that he was thoroughly illogical. He used to dress in the most eccentric manner, and was always carrying out strange theories which he evolved from his inner consciousness. When quite a young officer he whiled away the tedium of his garrison life by studying law under Judge Gaston, a distinguished jurist of the day. He was quite proud of this fact, and was wont often to allude to it. One day Magruder became possessed with the idea that fisherman did not know how to catch haddock. He was stationed in Maine, and he determined to drill them to do it military fashion.

"Ditheline is the thing, thir." In addition to his other peculiarities, Magruder lisped badly. "Men should catch fish like soldiers. By heaven, thir, this is true."

No one was unwise enough to dispute it, and so Magruder went to work to perfect his plans. Such is the force of earnest persuasion that he succeeded in convincing quite a body of fishermen to go in with him. At half past four in the morning Magruder made his round of the tents, for, in true soldiers' style, he had put them all in tents. To his horror he found his men asleep.

"By heaven, thir," said he to the man in the first tent, "why are you not up?" The fisherman only turned lazily in his cot.

"Get up, I tell you," said Magruder, angrily; "get up."

The fisherman, unused to the sweets of discipline, only closed around. Here was a dilemma. "By heaven, thir," said Magruder, as he afterward told the story on himself, "I had to do something to preserve discipline. So I told him if he didn't get up I'd cut his throat."

It seems, however, that the man paid not the slightest attention to what he considered an impotent threat.

But, unfortunately for him, Magruder was quite logical in his absurdities. Besides, he reasoned thus: "I have said I would cut his throat, and by heaven, I must do it." So thinking he stole up to the man, took a razor and drew it across the cuticle, intending merely to draw blood. But the man moved, so the gash was quite considerable. The sacrificial victim roared, and a man in an adjoining tent came to the rescue. Magruder turned angrily to the new-comer and said: "Tie this man up to that tree."

He did not dare to hesitate. He saw the blood flowing freely from his companion's throat. He saw Magruder with a razor in his hand. So the man was duly tied up. "Now, thir, will you get up about the morning and go out fishing when I tell you?"

The man, now terrified and weak from loss of blood, yielded, and promised anything.

"Take him down," said Magruder, sternly. The order was executed. "Now sign this paper."

And with this he tore a leaf out of his note-book, on which he had written a confession that the luckless fisherman had cut

his own throat in the intention of committing suicide.

"Now, thir, if you dare say anything about what has occurred this morning, I shall produce this paper. The attempt to commit suicide is a crime. By heaven! I know. I have studied law under Judge Gaston."

An Indian Girl.

She was not too tall, and

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(Continued from first page)
6th Duke of Hildesdale. This herd with the large number, and the limited space at our disposal, cannot be traced individually; they are unusually well bred, from families of reputation and acknowledged merit. The sales in the last year from this herd have been satisfactory in price, mostly out of the State, and have had the merit of pleasing in each instance. The bulls, too, have all been sold, and outside of the State, adding largely to its reputation for stock growing. The improved Yorkshire hogs that are bred on this farm are daisies, are getting quite famous, and trace to stock purchased from Burpee, of Philadelphia. Some of the brood sows are very fine. Sales from this herd have been made in Illinois and Missouri, besides in Michigan. The farm and the stock on it are a credit to their owners.

James Thorburn has 140 acres in his farm, no thoroughbred stock, but a large flock of high grade Merinos that clip ten to eleven pounds of fine staple white fleeced wool, on which he uses registered bucks.

Our last call and few moments' visit was made with William Somerville, who cheerfully renewed his allegiance to the Farmer, and who used to send his 170 acre farm. He has been breeding Shorthorns for years, although his herd is reduced to few in number at present, owing to sales. His Sir Rosamond (vol 24), was bred by J. S. Latimer, of Abington, Ill., is three years old, was got by 6th Duke of Sharon 2984, out of Rosamond 11th, by Fidge's Oxford 12th (2751), running to imp. Rosamond, by Quarrington 2nd, was also bred on farm, was got by Peris Oxford 4536, out of Lady Valentine, (both are no bred to 7th Duke of Cambridge); Lady Value 3rd, a calf, was got by 7th Duke of Cambridge, out of Lady Valentine. The horses on the farm are well bred, particularly the grade Percher ones got by Mark Antony. The herd of Yorkshire hogs was started from that of J. C. Thorburn & Son. The general appearance of this farm and stock is very fine.

POLAR EXPEDITIONS.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
The closing scene of the last Arctic expedition has elicited some just and sensible comments in the columns of the last Farmer. In regard to this last sacrifice to the moloch of science, a reader would like to add a few words of comment. Science is a great institution, especially in those days of government swindles, but the greatest part of the science required is in getting the money out of the government treasury. A member of Congress must have some influence; it doesn't matter whether he hunts up the man of science, or the man of science hunts him up, if they can get two hundred thousand dollars, they can divide it all the same. Almost any man of straw will do to send out, and there are plenty of men ready to go if they can only get the money. As before stated, it takes some science down at Washington to get the money appropriated, and as all past efforts in that direction have been successful, there is no reason to doubt but that the game will be repeated before many years.

The British Grain Trade.

The Mark Lane Express, in its review of the British grain trade for the past week says:
"The weather last week, owing to heavy thunder storms and cold nights, was detrimental to the wheat crop generally; nevertheless, there are some splendid fields of wheat which show the finest form of appearance still in favor of an average yield. Sales of English wheat the past week amount to 27,495 quarters at 37s 1d, against 26,735 quarters at 42s 1d the corresponding week last year. Foreign trade is stagnant and prices unchanged. In the coast trade there is little doing; eight cargoes arrived during the week five cargoes sold; six were withdrawn, nine remained; sixteen cargoes are due. Broken weather imparted steadiness to the trade in flour and it was less depressed. Barley is quiet and steady. Maize, especially American, is firmer. Oats are dull and weaker."

The drouth still continues in New South Wales, and the result on the flocks in that country is shown by the large exports of sheepskins. The losses are estimated at 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 sheep, but until the sheep pass through the drafting yards at shearing time is only a matter of conjecture. A large deficit is, however, looked for, and the drouth will also injure the quality of the wool. The Queenslanders, in referring to the drouth and its effects upon the live stock interests of that country, says:
"Flocks are being decimated, and the owners in many instances driven to the last stage of desperation. Ruin is staring many squatters in the face as a consequence of the unprecedented drouth, flocks which previously were counted by thousands being now less than a few hundreds. As may be supposed, a change is anxiously looked for, but hope has been so often deferred already that the hearts of most people are sick. What has made the matter all the worse and the harder to bear is the fact that relief was nowhere to be obtained by traveling the stock, and in many instances owners refrained from doing so, anticipating the desired change, until the stock became too weak to travel and nothing could be done. Stock owners in the coast districts may be congratulated on their prospects, rain having fallen there copiously in most places during the last two months; grass and water are in consequence abundant and stock in good order."

A calculation made, establishes the following: that during the process of fattening, a sheep consumes a daily ration equal to 34 per cent of its weight, an ox four to five per cent. Further: an ox weighing 8 cwts. yields 35 tons of manure, equal to half the quantity of three horses, or 15 sheep. In France, one horse is roughly estimated to equal five laborers, one ox to three laborers, and the work of a woman about two-thirds that of a man.

"In Summers when the Loves be Green."
Every denizen of the heated and dusty towns longs for the leafy shades, the rippling brookside, or lordly lake or river, mountain crag or ocean surf—anywhere, in fact, for Heaven's cool and untainted breezes, rest from engrossing cares of business, recreation in a larger than ordinary sense. Wandering through green lanes, treading forest solitude, following the stream with foot and hand, climbing granite peaks, drinking in the salty ozone of the sea breeze, he comes back to his desk a browner and healthier, a happier and a better man.

To direct his footsteps to some of the finest and most picturesque scenery on the American continent is the object of two handsomely illustrated and printed folders recently issued by G. W. Ruggles, General Passenger Agent of the Michigan Central. If he desires to see the best and the most charming as well as most varied scenes, in the least time and at the least expense, and in the most comfortable manner, and to avoid all possible delays and annoyances, he will write to Mr. Ruggles, at Chicago, for these folders. In them he will find excellent maps and bird's eye views, with excellent descriptions of Mackinac Island, Niagara Falls, the Thousand Islands and Rapids of the St. Lawrence, the White Mountains, and the wonderful Muskoka Lake Region, and other delightful summering places, with time cards showing how to reach them. The equipment of the Michigan Central and its connecting roads is unrivaled and neither pains nor expense have been spared to bring every modern achievement of science to increase the comfort and the safety of the traveler and facilitate his journeying.

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and his Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep, Poultry and their Diseases," "Training and Management," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers free. Parties desiring information will be required to send their full name and address to the office of the Farmer. No questions will be answered by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given the symptoms should be accurately described, and what treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 301 First Street, Detroit.

Complicated Injuries in a Mare.

DANVILLE, Mich., July 24, 1884.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—Being a subscriber of your most valuable paper, and noticing the valuable information to be derived from your department, I take hope in the thought that you may be able to give me information which will save a valuable young mare of two years. About six weeks ago she got badly mired in a hole in the pasture; she struggled till she released herself, but afterward seemed to be entirely unstrung and kept growing worse for two weeks, when I first learned of the condition she was in. At this time it was hard for her to get up or down. I immediately fomented her back and gave her medicine for the blood, rubbed and washed her legs in smart weed; now she seems to get no better or no worse, is hearty and has always been so; when she walks or trots she staggers or reels; runs naturally. Some doctors here call it weakness of joints, and others paralysis of muscles. Please give me your advice and remedy.

SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—The injuries in your young mare are evidently of a complicated character, which to properly understand and prescribe intelligently for would require a personal examination of the animal in question. The doctors who have had that privilege fail to agree. How much more difficult is it for us without such advantage to diagnose the trouble, imperfectly described. That the animal has been badly injured is very evident in its limbs, and probably internally as well. At this late day it is doubtful even with the animal before us for examination, if we could recommend any treatment with a view to permanent cure. If one of your doctors will explain the present condition of the animal (as doctors only can in such cases), and the treatment resorted to, we will give our opinion, and make such suggestions as circumstances may dictate.

Tympanitis, Hoove or Blown.

ST. LOUIS, Mich., July 21, 1884.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Will you please give me some information through your paper in regard to clover bloat in sheep. I have read in the Farmer that clover bloat is a disease of the stomach, such as gas and water remedies, but I do not remember having seen anything in regard to sheep. I cut a field of clover two weeks ago, and for a week or more was very careful in letting my sheep all in it. To-day I turned them on about eleven o'clock, after the dew was all off. About noon they came up and drank at the trough in the barnyard, and at two o'clock I found one of my best ewes dead. Last year I let them run on clover all the fall, and never had any difficulty. What I want to know is when it will be safe, or if there is a preventive for sheep. I had dry straw and hay in the field.

C. H. S.

Answer.—Tympanitis, hoove or blown

in sheep as in other farm stock, is due to unnatural distention of the rumen or paunch, in consequence of the animal eating greedily when first turned from a poor to a luxuriant pasture, resulting in engorgement of the rumen. When the distention is great, the blood is prevented from circulating in the vessels of the rumen. The diaphragm is mechanically obstructed from making its ordinary contractions; respiration becomes difficult in consequence; and the peristaltic (vermicular) motion of the bowels ceases. In this condition the combined heat and moisture favor fermentation, generating large quantities of gas, which unless speedily neutralized terminates in death. Prevention: Place common salt water in the most prominent point of the spling, on the left side, a little below the hip bone. The gas will rapidly escape through the tube, giving speedy relief. This disease runs its course rapidly, requiring prompt and energetic, but not heroic treatment to save the animal's life. Every owner of stock would consult his interest by having proper remedies on hand, prepared to treat quickly and properly all such cases, as the time

lost in securing professional services is often fatal to the life of the animal. To meet this emergency, Prof. R. Jennings offers to farmers and others interested in live stock, his colic mixture for horses, cattle and sheep, put up in 12 ounce bottles, containing eight doses for horses and cattle, and sixteen doses for sheep. It will cure in sheep colic, hoove, diarrhoea and dysentery when given according to directions. Price, \$1.00 per bottle.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, July 29, 1884.

Flour.—Receipts for the past week, 1,371 bbls. against 2,705 the previous week, and 1,681 bbls. for corresponding week last year. Shipments, 657 bbls. Market inactive. Receipts are very light, millers curtailing production. Prices unchanged, and trading confined largely to home wants. Quotations yesterday were as follows:
Michigan white wheat, choice..... \$4.00 @ 4.75
Michigan white wheat, roller choice..... 3.50 @ 4.25
Michigan white wheat, patents..... 4.00 @ 4.25
Minnesota, patents..... 4.00 @ 4.25
Rye..... 3.75 @ 3.85

Wheat.—The market has opened with a firm feeling in cash wheat, which is scarce and in demand. Prices were advanced on all grades, No. 1 white being 50c per bushel strong. Closing prices on No. 1 white were as follows: No. 1 white, \$1.01; No. 2, 98c; No. 3, 96c; No. 4, 94c; No. 5, 92c; No. 6, 90c; No. 7, 88c; No. 8, 86c; No. 9, 84c; No. 10, 82c; No. 11, 80c; No. 12, 78c; No. 13, 76c; No. 14, 74c; No. 15, 72c; No. 16, 70c; No. 17, 68c; No. 18, 66c; No. 19, 64c; No. 20, 62c; No. 21, 60c; No. 22, 58c; No. 23, 56c; No. 24, 54c; No. 25, 52c; No. 26, 50c; No. 27, 48c; No. 28, 46c; No. 29, 44c; No. 30, 42c; No. 31, 40c; No. 32, 38c; No. 33, 36c; No. 34, 34c; No. 35, 32c; No. 36, 30c; No. 37, 28c; No. 38, 26c; No. 39, 24c; No. 40, 22c; No. 41, 20c; No. 42, 18c; No. 43, 16c; No. 44, 14c; No. 45, 12c; No. 46, 10c; No. 47, 8c; No. 48, 6c; No. 49, 4c; No. 50, 2c.

Corn.—Market firm and higher. No. 2 is

selling at 58c per bushel, and No. 3 at 56c.

Rejected is offered at 44c, with no takers.

Oats.—White oats are higher, and No. 3 white

has sold up to 38c. No. 2 mixed are quoted at

34 1/2c.

Feed.—Very quiet. Bran could be sold at \$12.50

@ 100; middlings would bring \$13.00 @ 100.

Barley.—Quiet and steady. Pickers are quoting

at \$2.30 @ 35 for their best stock.

Butter.—The market is dull and weak; good

fresh packed will bring about 10c @ 10c, with 16c

the price paid for most of the receipts. Good

country is firm at 10c @ 10c. Closing prices on

Cheese.—Market weak and dull, and prices

are lower. Receipts are quite large. Full cream

Stamps range from 9c @ 9c per lb. with sales as low

as 8c @ 8c. Part casks are selling at 6c @ 6c.

Eggs.—Market quiet and steady at 10c @ 10c

per doz.

Dried Apples.—Dried apples are dull at 6c

@ 100. Evaporated fruit is worth 12c @ 12c

@ 100. On dock at 12c.

Honey.—Market dull at 14c @ 14c per lb., the

latter price for fine white comb.

Beeswax.—Scarce and firm at 30c @ 30c in

stock, and 28c @ 28c for foreign.

Onions.—Quiet and steady. Quotations are

\$2.00 @ 20 per bbl. for Southern.

Peas.—Choice Canada field, \$1.10 per bu.; Wis-

consin blue, \$1.40 @ 1.45.

Potatoes.—The market has been well supplied

at \$3.00 @ 10 per bbl. for Southern.

Wheat meal.—Quiet and steady. Closing prices on

superior are \$3.00 @ 100, with good demand.

Hops.—Market quiet, quotations are 35c @ 40c

@ 100, in stock.

Small Fruits.—Currants are quoted at \$3.00 @

30 per bu. Red raspberries are in fair supply at

\$6.00 per bu.; black caps at \$2.00. Gooseberries

\$2.00 per stand. Peaches are quoted at \$1.25 @

50, with a few choice sorts at \$1.50 @ 50. Apples

are scarce, and sell readily at \$3.00 @ 30 per bu. A few

blackberries have been received, and are selling at

\$2.00 @ 50. Whortleberries, \$3.00 @ 50 per bu.

Pears.—Selling at \$1.00 @ 100 per crate.

Tomatoes.—Weak at \$1.75 @ 100 per bu.

Cabbages.—Market well supplied at \$1.25 @ 40

per bbl.

Potatoes.—Receipts have been free and the

market well stocked at \$2.00 @ 10 per bbl for choice

stock.

Poultry.—Live spring chickens command about

50c per pair.

Provisions.—Pork in fair demand and steady;

lard is scarce and steady. Choice meats are steady

for shoulders, which are a little lower; mutton and

dried beef and tallow are quiet and unchanged.

Quotations in this market are as follows:

Mess, new..... 16.00 @ 16.25

Family do..... 14.00 @ 14.25

Cleto..... 10.00 @ 10.25

Lard in tierces, per b..... 7.00 @ 7.25

Lard in kegs, per b..... 8.00 @ 8.25

Beans, per b..... 12.00 @ 12.25

Shoulders, per b..... 8.00 @ 8.25

Choice bacon, per b..... 12.00 @ 12.25

Extra mess best, per b..... 17.00 @ 17.25

Tallow, per b..... 12.00 @ 12.25

Best beef, per b..... 17.00 @ 17.25

Hay.—The following is a record of the sales at

the Michigan Avenue scales for the past week:

Monday.—22 loads: ten at \$15; three at \$14; two

at \$12; one at \$14.50; \$15.50; \$16.00; \$17.00;

\$18.00; \$19.00; \$20.00; \$21.00; \$22.00; \$23.00;

\$24.00; \$25.00; \$26.00; \$27.00; \$28.00; \$29.00;

\$30.00; \$31.00; \$32.00; \$33.00; \$34.00; \$35.00;

\$36.00; \$37.00; \$38.00; \$39.00; \$40.00; \$41.00;

\$42.00; \$43.00; \$44.00; \$45.00; \$46.00; \$47.00;

\$48.00; \$49.00; \$50.00; \$51.00; \$52.00; \$53.00;

\$54.00; \$55.00; \$56.00; \$57.00; \$58.00; \$59.00;

\$60.00; \$61.00; \$62.00; \$63.00; \$64.00; \$65.00;

\$66.00; \$67.00; \$68.00; \$69.00; \$70.00; \$71.00;

\$72.00; \$73.00; \$74.00; \$75.00; \$76.00; \$77.00;

\$78.00; \$79.00; \$80.00; \$81.00; \$82.00; \$83.00;

\$84.00; \$85.00; \$86.00; \$87.00; \$88.00; \$89.00;

\$90.00; \$91.00; \$92.00; \$93.00; \$94.00; \$95.00;

\$96.00; \$97.00; \$98.00; \$99.00; \$100.00; \$101.00;

\$102.00; \$103.00; \$104.00; \$105.00; \$106.00; \$107.00;

\$108.00; \$109.00; \$110.00; \$111.00; \$112.00; \$113.00;

\$114.00; \$115.00; \$116.00; \$117.00; \$118.00; \$119.00;

\$120.00; \$121.00; \$122.00; \$123.00; \$124.00; \$125.00;

\$126.00; \$127.00; \$128.00; \$129.00; \$130.00; \$131.00;

\$132.00; \$133.00; \$134.00; \$135.00; \$136.00; \$137.00;

\$138.00; \$139.00; \$140.00; \$141.00; \$142.00; \$143.00;

\$144.00; \$145.00; \$146.00; \$147.00; \$148.00; \$149.00;

\$150.00; \$151.00; \$152.00; \$153.00; \$154.00; \$155.00;

\$156.00; \$157.00; \$158.00; \$159.00; \$160.00; \$161.00;

\$162.00; \$163.00; \$164.00; \$165.00; \$166.00; \$167.00;

\$168.00; \$169.00; \$170.00; \$171.00; \$172.00; \$173.00;

\$174.00; \$175.00; \$176.00; \$177.00; \$178.00; \$179.00;

\$180.00; \$181.00; \$182.00; \$183.00; \$184.00; \$185.00;

\$186.00; \$187.00; \$188.00; \$189.00; \$190.00; \$191.00;

\$192.00; \$193.00; \$194.00; \$195.00; \$196.00; \$197.00;

\$198.00; \$199.00; \$200.00; \$201.00; \$202.00; \$203.00;

\$204.00; \$205.00; \$206.00; \$207.00; \$208.00; \$209.00;

\$210.00; \$211.00; \$212.00; \$213.00; \$214.00; \$215.00;

\$216.00; \$217.00; \$218.00; \$219.00; \$220.00; \$221.00;

\$222.00; \$223.00; \$224.00; \$225.00; \$226.00; \$227.00;

\$228.00; \$229.00; \$230.00; \$231.00; \$232.00; \$233.00;

\$234.00; \$235.00; \$236.00; \$237.00; \$238.00; \$239.00;

\$240.00; \$241.00; \$242.00; \$243.00; \$244.00; \$245.00;

\$246.00; \$247.00; \$248.00; \$249.00; \$250.00; \$251.00;

\$252.00; \$253.00; \$254.00; \$255.00; \$256.00; \$257.00;

\$258.00; \$259.00; \$260.00; \$261.00; \$262.00; \$263.00;

\$264.00; \$265.00; \$266.00; \$267.00; \$268.00; \$269.00;

\$270.00; \$271.00; \$272.00; \$273.00; \$274.00; \$275.00;

\$276.00; \$277.00; \$278.00; \$279.00; \$280.00; \$281.00;

\$282.00; \$283.00; \$284.00; \$285.00; \$286.00; \$287.00;

\$288.00; \$289.00; \$290.00; \$291.00; \$292.00; \$293.00;

\$294.00; \$295.00; \$296.00; \$297.00; \$298.00; \$299.00;

\$300.00; \$301.00; \$302.00; \$303.00; \$304.00; \$305.00;

\$306.00; \$307.00; \$308.00; \$309.00; \$310.00; \$311.00;

\$312.00; \$313.00; \$314.00; \$315.00; \$316.00; \$317.00;

\$318.00; \$319.00; \$320.00; \$321.00; \$322.00; \$323.00;

\$324.00; \$325.00; \$326.00; \$327.00; \$328.00; \$329.00;

\$330.00; \$331.00; \$332.00; \$333.00; \$334.00; \$335.00;

\$33